17.

DEMOCRITUS,

OR

Doctor Merry-man

his Medicines, againſt Melancholy humors.

Written by S. R.

Printed for Iohn Deane, and are to be ſold at his ſhop at Temple-barre, vnder the gate.

1607

Honeſt Gentle-men.

SOme ancient Seniors, that experienc't be
Of famous Doctors, do applaud theſe three:
Firſt, Doctor Dyet, a right ſober man,
That nere diſorderd courſes ran:
But keepes ſuch rules as nature holdeth good,
For to preuent corruption of the bloud.
He is no glutton, with the filthy ſwine,
Nor drownes his wits, as drunkards do with Wine:
But by his temperate carriage liueth long,
Keeping an able body, ſound, and ſtronge.
Next Doctor Quiet, of a modeſt life,
That alwayes doth auoyde contentious ſtrife,
He enters not into the ſwagg'ring fits,
With thoſe whom rage depriueth of their wits.
For euery light occaſion to contend,
Not caring whom it bee (with foe or friend)
To vexe himſelfe, in fretfull furyes rage,
For all theſe paſſions he can well aſwage:

Whereby he keepes himſelfe in perfect health,
Eſteeming more of that, then Creſſus *wealth.*
The third is Doctor Merry-man: *whoſe dyet*
Doth keepe himſelfe, and all his friends in quiet,
With diſpoſition of a pleaſant ſort,
And men of wit will vnto him reſort:
To driue away dull melancholy mind,
Which to a madding frenzy is inclynd:
This Doctor, *honeſt recreation vſeth,*
And ſuch ieſts as are here, he often chuſeth:
Not to offend, but like Democritus
That laugh't at th' Athenians, *he doth thus;*
He makes but merry with ſome ſhallow braynes,
And ſmyles at many in their knauiſh vaines:
And if that any diſcontenment grow,
'Tis not his fault, but theirs that take it ſo.

Flatteries Favvne.

ILe ſpeake thee faire, and make a louing ſhew,
That thou the thing I wiſh for mayſt beſtow;
Ile giue thee hony words, with pleaſing ſmyle,
But it ſhall onely laſt a good turne while:
Ile go with thee on foot, Ile run, Ile ride,
To haue like done, and ten times more beſide:
Ile giue thee gifts, on warrant of this ground,
For euery ſhilling to receiue a pound.
What I enioy, commaund it as a friend,
But let me borrow better then I lend.
Your owne to vſe, I euer will remaine,
So I may vſe, and ouer-vſe againe.
This is the ſubſtance of my kindneſſe meant,
How ere I ſeeme, this is my harts intent,
And in this humour I will euer be
To pleaſe the world, that it may profit me.

Hippocriſie

Doctor Merry-man.

Hypocriſie was kind, and vs'd me well,
So long as I had any land to ſell:
Many a (God ſaue you louing ſir) I had,
For your good health I am exceeding glad.
What is the cauſe you are a ſtranger growne?
The meate doth me no good I eate alone
Without your company, pray let me haue it,
Of all the kindneſſe in the world I craue it.
When will you ride? My Gelding's yours to vſe,
The choyſeſt Chamber that I haue, come chuſe,
And lodge with me, commaund what ere is mine,
Shall we two part without a quart of Wine?
That were a wonder, giue it ſure I will,
Your preſence glads me, I do wiſh it ſtill.
This vſage I had daylie at his hand,
Till he had got an intreſt in my land:
And then I try'd his welcomes in my want
To be, *Sir I aſſure you Coyne is ſcant.*

Doctor Merry-man.

I would do ſomewhat for acquaintance ſake,
If you ſome good ſecurity could make:
But ſure to waſt my wealth I know not how,
Were folly, what you haue bin, is not now.
I wiſh you were the man I knew you late,
Faith I am ſory y'are in this eſtare:
You ſhould haue thought vpon this thing before,
Patience is all, and I can ſay no more.
My buſines now doth haſten me away,
I would faine drinke with you, but cannot ſtay;
Vrgent occaſions force me, take my leaue,
I wiſh you well, and ſo I pray conceiue.

Doctor Merry-man.

A Cittizen for recreation ſake,
To ſee the Countrey would a iourny take.
Some dozen Mile, or very little more,
Taking his leaue with friends, two months before:
With drinking health's, and ſhaking by the hand,
As he had trauail'd to ſome new found land.
Well, taking Horſe with very much a doe,
London he leaueth for a day or two;
And as he rideth, meetes vpon the way
Such, as (what haſt ſoeuer) bid men ſtay:
Sirrah ſayes one, ſtand, and your purſe deliuer;
I am a taker, thou muſt be giuer:
Vnto a wood hard by, they hale him in,
And rifle him vnto his very skinne:
Mayſters (quoth he) pray heare me ere you go,
For you haue rob'd more now then you do know.
My horſe (in troth) I borrow'd of my brother,
The bridle and the Saddle of another:

The

The Ierkin and the baſes be a Taylours,
The Scarfe (I do aſſure you) is a Saylours:
The falling-band is likewiſe none of mine,
Nor Cuffes, as true as this good light doth ſhine;
The Sattin Doublet and rays'd-Veluet hoſe,
Are our Church-wardens (all the pariſh knowes,)
The boots are Iohn the Grocers at the Swan,
The Spurs were lent me by a Seruing-man:
One of my Rings (that with the great red ſtone)
Inſooth I borrowed of my Goſſip *Ione*;
Her Husband knowes not of it. Gentlemen
Thus ſtands my caſe, I pray ſhew fauour then.
Why (quoth the Theeues) thou needſt not greatly care,
Since in thy loſſe ſo many beare a ſhare:
The world goes hard, many good-fellowes lacke,
Looke not at this time for a penny backe;
Go tell at *London*, thou didſt meete with foure,
That rifling thee, haue rob'd at leaſt a ſcore.

Doctor Merry-man.

A A Mony-monger choyſe of ſureties had,
A Countrey-fellow, plaine in ruſſet clad:
His dowbled Mutton-taffaty, Sheepes skins,
His ſleeues at hand button'd with two good pins.
Vpon his head a filthy greazy hat
That had a hole (eate thorow by ſome Rat)
A leather pouch, that with a Snap-haunce ſhut,
Two hundred Hob-nayles in his ſhooes were put:
The ſtockings that his clowniſh Legs did fit,
Were Kerſie to'the calfe, and t'other knit:
And at a word th'apparell that he wore,
Was not worth twelue-pence, ſold *At who giues more?*
The other ſurety of another ſtuffe,
All Silke and Veluet, in his double Ruffe:
Made Lawne and Cambricke, both ſuch common ware,
His double ſet, had falling band to ſpare.
His faſhion new, with laſt edition ſtood,
His Rapier hilts embrew'd in golden bloud:

And

And theſe ſame trappings made him ſeeme one ſound,
To paſſe his credit for a hundred pound :
So was excepted, Ruſſet coat denay'd,
But when time came the mony ſhould be pay'd,
And (Mounſieur Vſurer)did haunt him out,
Strange alteration ſtrooke his hart in doubt:
For in the Counter he was gone to dwell,
And Brokers had his painted cloaths to ſell;
The Vſurer then further vnderſtands,
The Clowne reſus'd, was rich, and had good lands;
Ready through rage to hang himſelfe, he ſwore,
That Sylken knaues ſhould cozen him no more.

Doctor Merry-man.

A Wealthy Misers Sonne, vpon the way
Met a poore youth, that did entreat and pray
Something of charity in his distresse,
Help sir (quoth he) one that is fatherlesse:
Sirrah (sayde he) away: be gone with speede,
Ile help none such; thou art a Knaue indeed.
Dost thou complayne because thou want'st a father,
Were it my case I would reioyce the rather,
For if thy Fathers death, cause the repine,
I would my Father had excused thine.

Enuy

Doctor Merry-man.

ENuy betwixt two friends, a breach did make,
And th'one of t'other very hardly ſpake:
Rayling vpon him, with vntruths and lyes,
And all the ſlaunders that he could deuiſe.
Th'other, that no good conceit did lacke,
Gaue him all gratious words behind his backe,
Commending him for a kind honeſt man,
With as much prayſe, as for his life he can:
One that heard this, told him it ſeemed ſtrange,
That for bad words, ſo good he did exchange;
But he reply'd, Sir we both lyers be,
I do but ſlander him, as he doth me.

Doctor Merry-man.

A Country fellow had a dreame
Which did his minde amaze,
That ſtarting vp, he wakes his wife,
And thus to her he ſaies:
Oh woman riſe, and help our Gooſe,
For euen the beſt we haue,
Is preſently at poynt to dye,
Vnleſſe her life you ſaue;
On eyther ſide of her I ſee
A hungry Foxe doth ſit,
But ſtaying, vpon curteſie
Who ſhall begin firſt bit.
Husband (quoth ſhe) if this be all
I can your dreame expound,
The perfect meaning of the ſame
I inſtantly haue found:
The Gooſe betweene two Foxes plac't
Which in your ſleepe you ſaw,

Is

Doctor Merry-man.

Is you your ſelfe, that prooue a Gooſe,
In going ſtill to law.
On eyther ſide a Lawyer comes
And they do feathers pull,
That in the end you will be left
A bare and naked Gull:
Wife in good troth (quoth he) I thinke
Thou art iuſt in the right,
My purſe can witneſſe to my griefe
They do begin to bite;
I do reſolue another courſe,
And much commend thy wit,
Ile leaue the Gooſes part for them
That haue a mind to it:
And if thou euer find that I
To lawing humors fall,
Let me be hang'd at Weſtminſter,
(Wife) Ile for-ſweare the Hall.

Doctor Merry-man.

AN idle fellow that would take no paine,
Looking that others ſhould his ſtate maintaine,
Was ſharp reproou'd by an honeſt friend,
Who told him man was made to other end,
Then onely eate, and drinke, and ſleepe, and play;
To whom the lazy creature thus did ſay;
(Sir) I do nere intend to labour much,
Becauſe I ſee the bad reward of ſuch
As take moſt paines, Horſes that labour great
Are caſt in ditches for the dogges to eate.

Doctor Merry-man.

A Crafty kind of knauiſh foole,
Whereof there plenty be,
Did breake his Miſtris looking-Glaſſe
And ſwore it was not he:
His Mayſter did examine him,
Demaunding who it was,
(Sir) if youle be content (quoth he)
Ile tell who broke the Glaſſe.
With that, he brought him in the Hall,
To *Fortunes* picture there,
Say'ng Sir, twas *Fortune* did the deed,
She ought the blame to beare.
His Mayſter tooke a Cudgell
And belabour'd him withall,
Who crying out for mercy, downe
Before his feete did fall:
Nay (quoth his Mayſter) tis not I,
To *Fortune* you muſt ſpeake,

For euen ſhe that cudgels you,
The Glaſſe before did breake.

A Sort of Clownes for loſſe which they ſuſtayn'd
By Souldiours, to the Captaine ſore complayn'd,
With dolefull words, and very wofull faces,
They mou'd him to compaſſionate their caſes.
Good Sir, (ſayes one) I pray redreſſe our wronge,
They that haue done it, vnto you belong,
Of all that ere we had we are bereft,
Except our very ſhirts, nothing is left.
The Captaine anſwer'd thus, fellowes heare me:
My Souldiers rob'd you not, I plainely ſee.
At your firſt ſpeach you made me ſomewhat ſad,
But your laſt words reſolue the doubt I had;
For they which rifled you, left ſhirts you ſay,
And I am ſure mine carry all away:
By this I know, an error you are in,
My Souldiers would haue left you but your skin.

Doctor Merry-man.

ONe dying, left three ſonnes
Whom he aduiſe did giue,
Of what profeſſion to make choyce,
Whereby they beſt might liue.
Vnto the firſt he ſaid,
Law, will be good for thee,
I know as long as there be men,
Some wranglers ſtil will be.
The ſecond he did wiſh
A *Chanons* life to chuſe,
For when as others weepe and mourne,
Why thou ſhalt ſinging vſe.
And to the third he ſaid:
Phyſicke for thee is fit,
For earth will ſmother all the faults
Phyſitians do commit.

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Doctor Merry-man.

AN old ſtale Widdower, quite paſt the beſt,
That had nothing about him in requeſt,
Saue onely that he carryed in his purſe,
Would haue a tender Wench to be his Nurſe.
His ſight was dim, his teeth were rotted out,
His hands had palzy, and his legges the Gout:
Yet he would Wench it with a daynty Mayde,
Whoſe beauties pride in all the pariſh ſwayde;
And had her equall hardly to be ſeene,
A tender young one, much about fifteene:
This gallant to her did a Sutor goe,
With much adoe, his legs did plague him ſo:
Yet with his ſtaffe a pretty ſhift he made,
And told her *Cupid* had the villaine playd
With his poore hart, t'was wounded for hir ſake,
And ſhe muſt needs the healing plaiſter make.
The Mayde beheld him with a lothing eye,
And for his quicke diſpatch, made quicke reply:
And Sir (quoth ſhe) your ſuite in loue withdraw,
You ſhall not thatch my new houſe, with old ſtraw.

Doctor Merry-man.

A Gentleman, a curious building fram'd,
A houſe like thoſe that are from Founders nam'd:
The workemen had enlarg'd their Art thereon,
Compoſing it, a curious heape of ſtone.
Being perfect finiſhed as't ought to be,
The Founder brought his friend, the ſame to ſee;
Demaunding how he lik't that houſe of his,
Why well (quoth he) onely one fault amiſſe,
And that me-thinkes diſgraceth all the reſt,
Your Kitchin is to little I proteſt.
Oh (Sir quoth he) in that you do miſtake,
A reaſon for the ſame I will you make:
Of purpoſe I contriu'd the Kitchin ſmall,
To haue my houſe the bigger therewithall.

Doctor Merry-man.

A *Barber* and a *Mower* did contend,
With much adoe before their ſtrife could end:
About the Priuiledge that each did clayme,
And thus the *Barbar* did his reaſons frame.
Sir, I am head of all the trades that be,
For Kings muſt ſit bare-headed vnto me;
The greateſt Monarch that on earth we finde
Puts off to me: *Mower*, you come behinde?
T'other reply'd, *Barber*, in vaine you iarre,
I haue a priuiledge exceeds you farre,
For when by me, the Graſſe with ſieth is ſhorne,
Or that my Sickle cutteth downe the corne,
Vpon the ſtumps I boldly can vntruſſe:
What *Barber* on his work, that dare do thus?

Doctor Merry-man.

AN humorous phantaſticke Aſſe,
Whoſe wit and wealth were ſpent,
Did in all companies he came
Boaſt of his great diſcent.
And all the Gentlemen he knew,
Vnto his bloud were baſe:
For he could prooue from *Noyes* great floud,
His ſtocke of royall race.
Pray Sir (quoth one) take no more paines
In this ſame worthy thing;
For it is moſt apparant plaine,
From what old houſe you ſpring.
You may iuſt proue your pedegree
From *Noah* to this houre:
Your Anceſtors good Maſons were,
That wrought on *Bable* Tower.
And were I as your worſhip is,
In ſpight of Bricklers hall,
I would giue Trowell in mine armes,
A Ladder, Tray, and all.

A Quack-ſaluers Humour.

GEntlemen that approch about my ſtall,
To moſt rare Phyſicke I inuite you all:
Come neare and harken what I haue to ſell,
And deale with me all thoſe that are not well.
In this boxe here, I haue ſuch precious ſtuffe,
To giue it prayſe, I haue not words inough:
If any humor in your braynes be crept,
Ile fetch it out, as if your heads were ſwept.
Almoſt through *Europe* I haue ſhowne my face,
In euery towne, and euery Market place;
Behold this Salue, I do not vſe to lye,
Whole Hoſpitals, there haue bin cured thereby.
I doe not ſtand here like a totter'd ſlaue,
My Veluet and my Chayne of Gold I haue:
Which cannot be maintayned by mens lookes,
Friends, all your towne is hardly worth my bookes.
There ſtands my Coach and Horſes, t'is mine owne,
From hence to *Turky* is my credit knowne:
In few I cannot boaſt as many will;
Let nothing ſpeake for me but onely skill.

See

A Quack-ſaluers Humour.

See you that thing, like Ginger-bread lies there?
My tongue cannot expreſſe to any eare
The ſundry vertues that it doth containe,
Or number halfe the Wormes that it hath ſlayne.
If in your bellies there be Crawlers bred,
In multitudes, like haires vpon your head:
Within ſome houre ſpace, or there about,
At all the holes you haue, Ile fetch them out,
And ferret them before that I haue done,
Euen like the Hare that forth a buſh doth run.
Here is a wond'rous water for the eye,
This for the ſtomacke: Maiſters will you buy?
When I am gone, you will repent to late,
And then like fooles among your ſelues will prate.
Oh that we had that famous man againe,
When I ſhall be ſupply'd in *France* or *Spaine*:
Now for a *Stoter*, you a boxe may haue,
That will the liues of halfe a dozen ſaue.
My man is come, and in myne eare he ſayes,
At home for me, at leaſt a hundred ſtayes.

A Quack-ſaluers Humour.

All Gentle-men, yet for your good you ſee,
I make them tarry and attend for me:
If that you haue no Mony, let me know;
Phiſicke of almes, vpon you Ile beſtow.
What Doctor in the world can offer more?
Such arant Clownes I neuer knew before:
Here you do ſtand like Owles and gaze on me,
But not a penny from you I can ſee.
A man ſhall come to doe ſuch Dunces good,
And cannot haue his meaning vnderſtood;
To talke to ſenceleſſe people is in vaine,
Ile ſee you hang'd ere I come heere againe.
Be all diſeas'd, as bad as Horſes be,
And dye in ditches like to Dogs for me:
An old wiues Medicine, Parſely, Timbe, and Sage,
Will ſerue ſuch buzzards in this ſcuruy age,
Gooſe-greaſe and Fennell, with a few Dog-dares,
Is excellent for ſuch baſe lowzy Mates:
Farewell, ſome Hempen haulter be the charme,
To ſtretch your necks as long as is myne arme.

One

Doctor Merry-man.

ONe came to court a Wench which was preſize,
And by the ſpirit did the fleſh diſpiſe,
Mouing a ſecret match betweene them two
But ſhe inſooth and ſadneſſe would not do.
He did reply, ſo ſweete a faire as ſhe,
Made of the ſtuffe as all frayle women be;
Ought by the law of Nature to be kind,
And ſhew her ſelfe to beare a womans mind:
Well Sir (quoth ſhe) you men do much preuaile
With cunning ſpeeches and a pleaſing tale.
Tis but a folly to be ouer-nice,
You ſhall: but twenty ſhillings is my price:
A brace of Angels if you will beſtow,
Come ſuch a time, and I am for you, ſo.
Well, he tooke leaue, and with her husband met,
Told him by bond he was to pay a debt:
Intreating him to do ſo good a deede,
As lend him twenty ſhilling at his neede.

Which very kind he preſent did extend,
And t'other willing on his wife did ſpend:
So taking leaue with her, he goes his waies,
Meeting his Creditor within few dayes,
And told him, Sir I was at home to pay
The twenty ſhillings which you lent laſt day:
And with your wife, (becauſe you were not there)
I left it, pray you with my boldneſſe beare.
Tis well (quoth he) I'm glad I did you pleaſure,
So comming home, queſtions his wife at leaſure:
I pray ſweet hart, was ſuch a man with thee,
To pay two Angels, which he had of me.
She bluſh't and ſayd, he hath beene here indeede,
But you did ill to lend, Husband take heede;
The falſhood of the world you do not ſpy,
It is not good to truſt before we try:
Pray lend no more, for it may breede much ſtrife,
To haue ſuch knaues come home to pay your wife.

Doctor Merry-man.

A Crew of Foxes all on theeuing ſet,
Together at a Country Hen-rooſt met:
Where the poore Poultry went to grieuous wrack,
For there they feaſted till their guts did cracke.
Hauing well ſup't, ready to go away,
Without demaunding what they had to pay;
Sayes one vnto the reſt: friends harke to me,
Lets point where our next meeting place ſhall be.
With a good-will ſayes one aboue the reſt,
At ſuch a Farmers houſe, his Lambes be beſt:
Nay (quoth another) I do know a Clowne
Hath euen the fatteſt Geeſe in all the Towne:
Well Mayſters, ſaid a graue and ancient Foxe,
Had bin the death of many Hens and Cox.
The ſureſt place to meete, that I can tell,
Will be the Skinners ſhop, and ſo farewell.

Doctor Merry-man.

A Shepheard that a carefull eye did keepe,
Vnto the safety of his grazing sheepe:
Perceiu'd a Wolfe through the hedge to pry:
Sirrah (quoth he) pray, what make you so nye?
Why (sayde the Wolfe) thou see'st I do no ill,
Thy flockes are far enough vpon the hill.
What Iustice now adayes these people lackes?
The Crowes ride boldly on thy cattels backs:
And not a word thou sayst to them at all,
Yet but for looking on, with me do'st braule.
The Prouerb's true, for now I find it well,
Which once I heard an ancient old Wolfe tell:
He that vpon a bad ill name doth light,
Is euen halfe hang'd, as good be hang'd out-right:
And I my selfe by proofe can now alledge,
Some better steale, then some looke ore the hedge.

The

Doctor Merry-man.

THe Deuill did complaine he was not well,
And would goe take ſome *Phiſicke* out of hell:
To *England*, *France*, & *Spaine*: with ſpeed he got,
Where all refuſed him, he did burne ſo hot.
In haſt he then to *Germany* did hye,
The cunning of a *Quack-ſaluer* to try;
Where in a Market-place, vpon a Stage,
He found a fellow, could all griefes aſſwage.
Doctor (quoth he) I want ſome of thy skill,
For I do find I am exceeding ill:
And any thing for eaſe I will endure;
What, wilt thou vndertake my paine to cure?
If thou canſt eaſe the Mallady I haue,
Thou ſhalt haue Gold, euen what thy ſelfe wilt craue.
Gentleman (ſaid this Doctor to the Deuill,)
Vpon my life Ile rid you of your euill;
Make vnto me thoſe griefes you haue but knowne,
And with the curing them let me alone.
Why Sir (quoth he) my head with hornes doth ake,
My braines doth brimſtone like *Tobacco* take;
Mine eyes are full of euer-burning fire,
My tongue a drop of water doth deſire,

Doctor Merry-man.

About my hart do crawling Serpents creepe,
And I can neither eate, nor drinke, nor ſleepe ;
Ther's no diſeaſes whatſoere they be,
But I haue all of them impos'd on me.
All torments that the tongue of man can name,
Within, without, in a continuall flame.
Quoth the *Quack-ſaluer*, Sir Ile vndertake,
A ſound man of you in a month to make:
Wilt pleaſe your worſhip, ſhew me where you dwell,
Marry (quoth he) my Chamber is in hell:
Thy charges in the iourney I will beare,
And Ile preferre thee to the Deuill there.
With ſpeede get vp, Ile take thee on my backe,
The world may ſpare you, and in hell we lacke.

A Byſhop met two Prieſts vpon the way,
And did ſalute them with the time of day:
Goodmorrow Clarkes, vnto you both (quoth he)
Sir(they reply'd)no Clarkes, but Prieſts are we.
Why ſaid the Byſhop, then I will conſent,
Vnto the title of your owne content:
Since you deny to carry Scholers markes,
Goodmorrow to you Prieſts (that are no Clarks.)

One

Doctor Merry-man.

ONe clymbing of a tree, by hap
Fell downe and brake his arme,
And did complaine vnto a friend
Of his vnlucky harme.
Would I had counſel'd you before
(Quoth he) to whom he ſpake;
I know a tricke for Clymbers,
That they neuer hurt ſhall take:
Neighbour (ſaid he) I haue a Sonne,
And he doth vſe to clymbe,
Pray let me know that ſame for him
Againſt another time.
Why thus (quoth he) let any man
That liues, clymbe nere ſo hye:
And make no more haſt downe then vp,
No harme can come thereby.

Doctor Merry-man.

AN aged Gentleman, ſore ſicke did lye,
Expecting life, that could not chuſe but dye,
His foole came to him and intreateth thus,
Good Mayſter ere you goe away from vs
Beſtow on *Iacke* (that oft hath made you laugh)
Againſt he waxeth old, your walking ſtaffe.
I will (quoth he) go take it, there it is,
But on condition *Iacke* which ſhall be this,
If thou do meete with any while thou liue,
More foole then thou, the ſtaffe thou ſhalt him giue:
Mayſter (ſaid he) vpon my life I will,
But I do hope that I ſhall keepe it ſtil.
When *Death* drew neare, and faintneſſe did proceed,
His Maiſter cals for a Diuine with ſpeede,
For to prepare him vnto heauens way,
The Foole ſtarts vp, and haſtily did ſay:
Oh Maiſter, Mayſter, take your ſtaffe againe,
That prooue your ſelfe the moſt foole of vs twaine.

Haue

Doctor Merry-man.

Haue you liu'd now, ſome foureſcore yeares and odde,
And all this time are vnprepar'd for God?
What greater foole can any meete withall?
Then one that's ready in the graue to fall.
And is to ſeeke about his ſoules eſtate,
When *Death* is op'ning of the pryſon-gate.
Beare witneſſe friends, that I diſcharge me plaine:
Here Mayſter, here, receiue your ſtaffe againe:
Vpon the ſame condition I did take it,
According as you wil'd me, I forſake it.
And ouer and aboue, I will beſtow,
This *Epitaph*, which ſhall your follie ſhew.
Heere lies a man, at death did heauen claime,
But in his life he neuer ſought the ſame.

Doctor Merry-man.

A Simple Clowne in *Flanders*,
As he trauelling had bin:
(Hauing his wife in company)
Came late vnto his Inne.
A Spaniſh Souldier being there
A Gueſt vnto the place:
No ſooner ſaw, but lik't his wife,
(She had a comely face.)
And watch't when they were gone to bed,
Then boldly in comes he,
And neuer ſaid friends by your leaue,
But made their number three.
The Clowne lay ſtill and felt a ſtirre,
Yet durſt not ſpeake for's life;
At length his patience was ſo mou'd,
He ſoftly iogg'd his Wife.
And ſaid to her, prethee intreate
The Spaniard to be ſtill,

Can

Doctor Merry-man.

Can I ſpeake Saniſh man, (quoth ſhe)
You know I haue no skill?
But Husband if you pleaſe to riſe
And for the Sexton goe:
He vnderſtandeth Spaniſh well,
Aſſuredly I know.
Faith and Ile fetch him ſtraight (quoth he)
And ſo the Ruſticke roſe,
And ſoftly ſneaking out of doores,
About his meſſage goes.
Meane while (imagine what you will)
To me it is vnknowne:
But ere her Husband came againe,
The Spaniard he was gone:
Which when the ſimple Foole perceiu'd,
He fell to domineere;
Oh wife (ſaid he) for twenty pound
I would I had him here.

Tell

Doctor Merry-man.

Tell me ſweet hart, when I was gone,
How long the Knaue did ſtay:
Quoth ſhe) you ſcarce were out of doores
Before he ran away.
Wife (ſaide the Clowne) thou mak'ſt me laugh
That I did ſcare him thus,
Come let vs take a little nap
For his diſturbing vs.
You ſee what comes of pollicy
And good diſcretion wife:
If I had beene a haſtie foole,
It might haue coſt my life.

A Courtezans Humour.

I Am a Profeſt a Courtezan,
That liue by peoples ſinne:
With halfe a dozen Punkes I keepe,
I haue great comming in.
Such ſtore of Traders haunt my houſe
To find a luſty Wench,
That twenty gallants in a weeke
Do entertaine the French;
Your Courtier, and your Cittizen,
Your very ruſtique Clowne,
Will ſpend an Angell on the poxe,
Euen ready Mony downe.
I ſtriue to liue moſt Lady-like,
And ſcorne thoſe fooliſh Queanes,
That do not rattle in their Silkes,
and yet haue able meanes.
I haue my Coach, as if I were
A Counteſſe, I proteſt
I haue my dainty muſicke playes
When I would take my reſt.
I haue my Seruing-men that waite
Vpon me in blew Coates,
I haue my Oares that attend
My pleaſure with their Boats.
I haue my Champions that will fight,
My Louers that doe fawne,

A Courtezans Humour.

I haue my Hat, my Hood, my Maske,
My Fan, my Cobweb Lawne:
To giue my Glouе vnto a Gull,
Is mighty fauour found:
When for the wearing of the ſame,
It coſts him twenty pound.
My Garter as a gratious thing,
Another takes away:
And for the ſame a ſilken gowne
The Prodigall doth pay.
Then comes an Aſſe, and he forſooth
Is in ſuch longing heate,
My buske point euen on his knees,
With teares he doth entreat.
I grant it, to reioyce the man,
And then requeſt a thing;
Which is both Gold and pretious ſtone,
The Wood-cockes Diamond Ring.
Another lowly minded youth,
Forſooth my ſhooe-ſtring craues,
And that he putteth through his eare,
Calling the reſt baſe ſlaues.
Thus ſit I Fooles in humours ſtill,
That come to me for game,
I puniſh them for *Venery*,
Leauing their purſes lame.

In

A Courtezans Humour.

In New-gate ſome take lodgings vp,
Till they to Tiburne ride,
And others walke to Wood-ſtreet,
With a Sargeant by their ſide.
Some go to Hounſ-ditch with their cloaths
To pawne for Mony lending:
And ſome I ſend to Surgeons ſhops,
Becauſe they lacke ſome mending.
Others paſſe ragged vp and downe;
All totter'd, rent, and torne,
But being in that ſcuruy caſe,
Their companies I ſcorne.
For if they come and fawne on me,
Ther's nothing to be got;
As ſoone as ere my Merchants breake,
I ſweare, I know them not.
No entertainement, nor a looke
That they ſhall get of me?
If once I do begin perceiue,
That out of caſh they be:
All kindneſſes that I profeſſe,
The fayreſt ſhewes I make,
Is loue to all that come to me
For Gold and Siluers ſake.
To forward men, I forward am,
Moſt franke vnto the free;

A Courtezans Humour.

But ſuch as take their ware on truſt,
Are not to deale with me.
The world is hard, all things are deere:
Good-fellowſhip decayes,
And euery one ſeekes profit now,
In theſe ſame hungry dayes.
Although my trade in ſecret be
Vnlawfull to be knowne,
Yet I will make the beſt I can,
Of that which is mine owne.
For ſeeing I do venture faire,
At price of whipping cheere,
I haue no reaſon but to make
My Cuſtomers pay deere:
Our charge beſide is very great
To keepe vs fine and braue,
A Whoore that goes not gallantly,
Shal little doings haue.
Therefore all things conſider'd well
Our charges and our danger;
A dayly fryend ſhall pay as much
As any Tearme-time ſtranger.

Doctor Merry-man.

A Rich man and a poore did both appeare
Before a Iudge, an iniury to cleere:
The Rich did tell a tale moſt tedious long,
Mending as he ſuppos'd with words the wrong.
And euer when the poore man would haue ſpoke,
With bold out-facing ſpeech hee did him choke.
The woefull wight at length could beare no longer,
But boldly rays'd his voyce both loud and ſtronger;
My Lord (quoth he) pray now bid *Diues* ſtay,
And heare but what poore *Lazarus* can ſay:
My Oxe came in his field, which he doth keepe,
And ſweares for that, hee'l pay me with a Sheepe.

Doctor Merry-man.

TWo Beggers did encounter on the way,
That had not ſeene each other many a day:
Nor met together at the hedge (Rogues hall)
As perfect lowzy, as they both could crawle.
Each had a hat, and Night-cap for the cold,
And Cloakes with patches, full as they might hold;
Great Satchell ſcrips, that ſhut with leather flaps,
And each a Dogge to eate his Mayſters ſcraps.
Theyr ſhooes were Hob-naile proofe, ſoundly bepegg'd,
Wrap't well with clouts, to keepe them warmer legg'd:
Sayes one to to'ther, come, hange care, lets drinke,
Our trade is better then a number thinke:
For I, my wife, and Iacke, ply vp and downe
To make our ery day, worth halfe a Crowne.
Moſt townes in *Flanders*, I haue learn'd to name,
And am a poore diſtreſſed Souldier lame.
And ſometimes I their charityes deſire,
Like one hath loſt all that he had by fire:

Fire

Doctor Mery-man.

Fire (quoth t'other) come along mad knaue,
Lets go where we ſome watering place may haue.
Wher's the beſt Beere to giue a man content?
I haue a penny that was neuer ſpent.
And twenty ſlaues, I Gentlemen did name,
Before I could be mayſter of the ſame:
To many an Aſſe I do *the worſhip* giue,
With Lord preſerue your goodneſſe while you liue:
Now *Ieſus* proſper you by Sea and Land,
And bleſſe you Maiſter, all you take in hand.
God keepe your limbs, and Lord increaſe your ſtore,
I eate no bread to day, (but dranke the more.)
For *Chriſt* his ſake, make this ſame vp a penny,
Thus do I angle Siluer out of many;
I, when I haue it for my ſpeaking faire,
If he were hang'd that gaue it, I neare care.
The other Begger laugh't, and did reply,
Roger, of that ſame humour right am I.

Doctor Merry-man.

I can affourd good ſpeech as well as thou,
And vnto any knaue ſuch words alow;
I will not want that till my tongue do frayle,
But prethee come, let vs go find this Ale.
I am as dry, as euer was March-duſt,
And heres a groat I meane to ſpend it iuſt:
Well ſayd old *Tom* (ſayes tother) if thou do,
My groat ſhall go, and my *Tobacco* too.
Although a Beggers creadit be not great,
We will be Gentlemen in our conceit:
I thinke my ſelfe as good a man each way,
As he that goes in Veluet er'y day.
Weele ſpend a Crowne, and drinke carowſes round,
Before ſome Churles are worth ten thouſand pound:
Ther's nothing but a payre of ſtocks we feare,
Ile bring thee to a cup of tickling geare.

FINIS.

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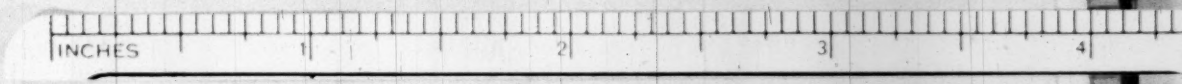
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